

Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee:
So farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selues do lye,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated skye
Gives vs free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we our selues are dull:
What power is it, which mounts my loue so hye,
That makes mee see, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
To ioyne like, likes; and kisse like natue things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their paines in sence, and do suppose
What hath bene, cannot be. Who euer strone
To shew her merit, that did misse her loue?
(The Kings disease) my proiect may deceiue me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me. *Exit*

Flourish Cornets.

*Enter the King of France with Letters, and
diners Attendants.*

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoy*s are by th'eares,
Haue fought with equal fortune, and continue
A brauing warre.

1. Lo. G. So tis reported sir.

King. Nay tis most credible, we heere receiue it,
A certaintie vouch'd from our Cousin *Austria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will moue vs
For speedie ayde: wherein our decreft friend
Preiudicates the businesse, and would seeme
To haue vs make deniall.

1. Lo. G. His loue and wisdom
Approu'd so to your Maiesty, may pleade
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And *Florence* is deni'd before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see
The *Tuscan* seruice, freely haue they leaue
To stand on either part.

2. Lo. E. It well may serue
A nurserie to our Gentrie, who are sicke
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1. Lo. G. It is the Count *Rosignoll* my good Lord,
Yong Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curious then in hast
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thanks and dutie are your Maiesties.

King. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First tride our souldier ship: he did looke farre
Into the seruice of the time, and was
Discipl'd of the brauest. He lasted long,
But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,
And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me:
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obserue
To day in our yong Lords: but they may iest
Till their owne scorne returne to them vnnoted
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitternesse

Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,
His equall had swak'd them, and his honour
Closke to it selfe, knew the true minure when,
Exception bid him speake: and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He vs'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humilitie,
In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to these yonger times;
Which follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance sir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approofe liues not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech.

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies say,
(Me thinks I heare him now) his plausiue words
He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime
When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee)
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensiue senses
All but new things disdaine; whose iudgements are
Meere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.
I after him, do after him with too:
Since I nor wax nor homie can bring home,
I quickly were dissolued from my hie
To giue some Labourers roome.

2. Lo. E. You'r loued Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.

King. I fill a place I know't: how long ist Count
Since the Physitian at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord.

King. If he were liuing, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the rest haue worne me out
With seuerall applications: Nature and sicknesse
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
My sonne's no deerer.

Ber. Thanke your Maiesty. *Exit*

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

Count. I will now heare, what say you of this gentle-
woman.

Stew. Maddam the care I haue had to euen your con-
tent, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past
endeuours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make
foule the clearnesse of our deseruings, when of our selues
we publish them.

Count. What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone
sirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all be-
leeue, 'tis my slownesse that I doe not: For I know you
lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough
to make such knaues your.

Clow. 'Tis not vnkown to you Madam, I am a poore
fellow.

Count. Well sir.

Clow. No maddam,
'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie

of the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladiships
good will to goe to the world, *Isbell* the woman and w
will doe as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clow. I doe beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clow. In *Isbell*'s case and mine owne: seruice is no heri-
tage, and I thinke I shall neuer haue the blessing of God,
till I haue issue a my bodie: for they say barnes are blei-
sings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

Clow. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen
on by the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell
drives.

Count. Is this all your worships reason?

Clow. Faith Madam I haue other holie reasons, such as
they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clow. I haue bene Madam a wicked creature, as you
and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that
I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.

Clow. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue
friends for my wiues sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies knaue.

Clow. Yare shallow Madam in great friends, for the
knaues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of:
he that eies my Land, spares my teame, and giues mee
leau to lane the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my
drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of
my flesh and blood; hee that cherishes my flesh and
blood, loues my flesh and blood; he that loues my flesh
and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my
friend: if men could be contented to be what they are,
there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charbon* the
Puritan, and old *Poyssam* the Papist, how somere their
hearts are seuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one,
they may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Count. Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calum-
nious knaue?

Clow. A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the
next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full
true shall finde, your marriage comes by destinie, your
Cuckow sings by kinde.

Count. Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen*
come to you, of her I am to speake.

Count. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with
her, *Hellen* I meane.

Clow. Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,

Why the Grecians sacked *Troy*,

Fond done, done, fond was this King *Priams* ioy,

With that she sigh'd as she stood, *his*

And gaue this sentence then, among nine bad if one be
good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one
good in ten.

Count. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song
sirra.

Clow. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a pu-
rifying ath' song: would God would serue the world so
all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman
if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee might
haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing starre,
or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotteriewell, a
man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Count. Youle begone sir knaue, and doe as I command
you?

Clow. That man should be at woman's command, and
yet no hurt done, though honestie be no Puritan, yet
it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie
ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am go-
ing forsooth, the businesse is for *Helen* to come hither.

Exit.

Count. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman
intirely.

Count. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee,
and she her selfe without other aduantage, may lawfullie
make title to as much loue as shee findes, there is
more owing her then is paid, and more shall be paid
her then shee demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then
I thinke shee wish't mee, alone shee was, and did
communicate to her selfe her owne words to her
owne eares, shee thought, I dare vowe for her, they
toucht not anie stranger sence, her matter was, shee
loued your Sonne; Fortune shee said was no god-
desse, that had put such difference betwixt their two
estates: Loue no god, that would not extend his might
onelie, where qualities were leuell, *Queene* of Vir-
gins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd
without rescue in the first assault or ranfome after-
ward: This shee deliuer'd in the most bitter touch of
sorrow that ere I heard *Virgin* exclaime in, which I held
my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, sithence in
the losse that may happen, it concerns you something
to know it.

Count. You haue discharg'd this honestie, keepe it
to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this
before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that
I could neither beleue nor misdoubt: praie you
leau mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke
you for your honest care: I will speake with you fur-
ther anon. *Exit Steward.*

Enter Hellen.

Old. Count. Euen so it was with me when I was yong:
If euer vve are natures, these are ours, this thorne
Dorth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong
Our blood to vs, this to our blood is borne,
It is the show, and seale of natures truth,
Where loues strong passion is imprest in youth,
By our remembrances of daies forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her eie is sicke on't, I obserue her now.

Hell. What is your pleasure Madam?

Ol. Count. You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

Hell. Mine honorable Mistris.

Ol. Count. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I
sed a mother

Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of those
That were enwomb'd mine, 'tis often seene
Adoption striues with nature, and choise breedes
A natue slip to vs from forraine seedes:
You nere oppress me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expresse to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? vwhat's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet?

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